

The Perfect Secretary

John White's secretary was just too perfect. She was older than he, and seemed to be quite sexless, until, after a drunken lunch, John found out that there was a real woman under the armour plating, with a startling history.

MFF, loving, anal.

When John White inherited the company from his father, Charles, he also inherited his secretary.

Miss Green - her first name was Marjory, but no one in the company used it - had been with the company for over twenty years. As a schoolgirl she had been very bright, and in her early teens she had been expected to go through to the sixth form, then on to university. She came from a middle class family, her father owning an apparently successful business. However, when she was fifteen, the business went bankrupt, with suggestions - unproven - that her father had taken part in some financially dubious practices. They had had to sell the big house in the best part of the area and downsize to a suburban semi - detached house. The shame and sense of failure had been too much for her father, and he committed suicide. Her mother had always been a bit fragile emotionally, and her husband's death caused her to have a nervous breakdown.

Having always been well provided for, her mother had never worked, and, in her emotional state, was never likely to do so. As a result, Marjory had no option but to finish her O level examinations and find employment at sixteen years of age. She was taken on by the company as an office junior, but it soon became obvious that she had potential to obtain early promotion.

Charles White was a very forward looking employer. He had taken over a small company from his father, and had built it up to a very substantial outfit. His expansion projects had been judiciously chosen and had never needed to raise large capital sums, thus also retaining total control as the holder of eighty percent of the shares, the remainder being split between his wife and a friend to whom he had sold a small stake. He had an old fashioned view as to how to behave to employees, and never used Christian names. Thus, Marjory was Miss Green from day one despite being the junior, and so it remained. Charles was very enlightened as to the education of his staff, and any employee who showed talent in any direction would always be encouraged to follow further education courses, for which he would pay, and for younger staff he would allow a day off a week to attend the local further education college.

Miss Green took full advantage of the chance to extend the education that had been so abruptly cut off, and she learned the obvious things like shorthand and typing, then added accountancy and took further courses in French and German, in which she had excelled at school. This became a habit for her, and for the rest of her life she was to take every opportunity to broaden her knowledge.

But what about Miss Green herself? She was 38 years old, quite tall, and one got the impression that she might have a rather pleasant figure, but it was only a guess because she always dressed so conservatively that it was largely concealed. She wore formal suits with skirts below the knee, beneath which could be seen nicely shaped calves sheathed in nylons, always with a straight seam, and her shoes were solid affairs with medium heels - court shoes, I believe is the correct name. Under the suit jacket would be a plain white or cream blouse, buttoned up to the neck. Her face

was pleasant without being exceptional and was always devoid of any visible makeup except for the lightest of lipsticks, and her hair was always drawn back severely from her face. All in all, the impression was that of an efficient secretary whom one wouldn't really image as having any life outside work.

After two years in the company she had become totally knowledgeable about its workings, and had a reputation for being reliable and having a remarkable memory. She worked under the direction of Charles White's secretary, Mrs Wells, and when she became pregnant Charles asked her if she thought that Miss Green could act as his secretary during her maternity leave. She took over the job as though she had been doing it for years, and, when Mrs Wells decided that she did not wish to return to work, it was inevitable that Miss Green should take on the job on a permanent basis. She was totally discreet and efficient in all aspects of the job, and Charles came to totally rely on her. Although she was well liked throughout the company, she never made personal friendships and was thought to be a bit remote, and most people thought that she was older than her 38 years, due to her dress and rather old fashioned standards of behaviour.

It had always been intended that John White would succeed his father when Charles reached sixty. He had had a good scholastic career through school and university, after which he had worked his way through every department in the company, and had spent time with associated companies in Europe and the USA. He was thus well on the way to being ready to make the succession, when Charles died suddenly at the age of 57, leaving John to inherit the company and its leadership at the age of 28.

He would never forget his first day in charge, the day after his father's funeral. He had walked into the office, and sat down in the big chair his father had always used. As he looked around, not quite believing that all this and the rest of the company was now his responsibility, Miss Green entered. She already knew that John liked coffee, and she carried a tray with a delightfully smelling cafetière plus cup and saucer, cream and sugar which she put down on his desk.

'Miss Green, please fetch a cup for yourself and join me so we can have a talk.'

She did as she was bid, and sat down in front of him. After the coffee was poured, she spoke.

'I would like to say first of all that I expect that you will want to make changes. If you feel that you would like to bring in a different secretary, I will quite understand. I got on well with your father, but being a secretary is quite a personal relationship, and I shan't be offended if you wish to make your own choice. Perhaps someone a bit younger...'

'Please don't talk rubbish, Miss Green. I totally rely on your knowledge and experience, and would be horrified if you were to leave. As for someone younger, I'd probably find I was being distracted in ways that would be most unhelpful.'

'Whereas I'm not likely to distract you.' she said, with a small smile.

'Oh God, there's no way I can talk myself out of this is there. As my father sometimes said, when you are in a hole, stop digging, so I'll just say that I very much hope that you will stay and help me to get to grips with trying to fill my father's shoes.'

'That's a big job, but I'm sure you'll manage it.'

That was the beginning of an excellent working relationship. She held his hand without ever patronising him, and helped him to become ever more confident with his new responsibilities. But, after a few months, he still found himself a bit overawed by her sheer perfection. She just never made a mistake, and, coupled with the age difference and her very formal manner of dress and behaviour, he sometimes felt she was too perfect.

He used occasionally to have lunch with an old university friend, lunches which sometimes got a bit too liquid. On one of these occasions when they had drunk a little more than was wise, Peter, his friend, asked him how he was getting on with his new secretary.

'Pete, she's marvellous, but I just wish sometimes she'd be a bit more ...well, human. If she spilt the coffee or made a typing mistake, just something to show that there's a woman under the uniform.'

Peter thought for a minute, then refilled their wine glasses.

'You'll just have to do something completely outrageous, and see if you get a response.'

'Such as what?'

'Oh, I don't know. How about goosing her, that should get a response, if it's only a slapped face.'

'Goosing her?'

'Yes, you know, grab her arse.'

'I know what it means, you fool. It's just the idea is so outlandish. It'd be like goosing the Queen.'

'Yeah, you're probably right - but it was just a suggestion, trying to be helpful. Here, let's finish this bottle.'

They finished the wine and he walked back to his office. Although he had drunk a lot, he wasn't in any way physically incapable, no staggering, no slurred speech, but he wasn't quite his normal self. As he walked, and after he was sitting at his desk, he kept remembering what Pete had said, and the idea of squeezing Miss Green's bottom wouldn't quite go away, though he was sober enough to realise that it would be a disastrous thing to do and undoubtedly lose him an excellent secretary, not to mention risking him being arrested for assault.

At the end of the day Miss Green entered his office as always, bringing letters to be checked and signed - not that her typing ever needed checking. It had been flawless in the days of manual typewriters, and word processing only tried to improve upon perfection. As usual she stood beside him as he looked through the letters, and he suddenly realised that his spare hand had dropped off the arm of his chair and was moving inexorably in her direction. He quickly drew it back, but, as soon as he concentrated on his mail, it began to move again, as of its own volition. He tried hard to control himself, but his mind had been totally programmed to commit an outrageous act, and, try as he might, the hand moved out and up, till it finally came to rest on Miss Green's bottom.

He was just touching her, and, as there was no reaction, he assumed that she could not feel him. Common sense was screaming at him to withdraw immediately, with no damage done, but the wine he had drunk was more effective in controlling his actions, and he pressed a little harder, and gave a gentle squeeze. As an erotic experience, this was a bit of a failure. She was wearing a skirt made of quite a heavy tweed and this, together with the armouring effect of whatever underpinnings she was wearing, meant that, though there was enough warmth and shape to identify a human being, the shape was ill defined and sexless.

Although he had squeezed hard enough to have left her in no doubt that she had been groped, she gave no indication that she was aware. As he had somehow finished signing the mail - though, if she had presented a blank cheque in front of him, he would have signed without question - she moved away from him and left his office with no comment, though, as she turned to draw the door closed behind her, he could have sworn that he had seen the ghost of a smile on her lips

That night John hardly slept at all. As he had sobered up the awful realisation of what he had done had sunk in, and he was terrified that Miss Green could hit him with a sexual harassment claim that he would find hard to refute, and, even worse, he would lose a secretary on whom he was still very reliant. On the other hand, he could not understand why she had not reacted at the time. She surely couldn't have enjoyed his groping hand, could she? He was mystified and worried, so, the next morning, when he arrived at the office and Miss Green greeted him exactly as always, with no sign of any concern, he felt very relieved. On the other hand, he felt slightly offended that she could so totally ignore what could only be considered as a sexual advance. Common sense told him to thank heaven that he hadn't landed himself in serious trouble, and to make sure that he stayed out of potential trouble in future. But common sense doesn't always rule the day...

That afternoon Miss Green stood beside him as always as he signed the mail. If she had stood just a little further away it wouldn't have happened, but she chose to stand, if anything, closer to him than usual, and he was aware of the very faint, pleasant smell of whatever cosmetics that she used. Although this time he was stone cold sober, he was still unable to control his hand, and it dropped down beside his chair, then rose and, like a guided missile, found its way to Miss Green's arse. Yesterday, she had felt almost armour plated, but today it felt very different. The skirt that she was wearing was made from a much thinner and softer material, and whatever she was wearing under it was also much more pliant. He could feel the rounded shape of her buttock, and, as he began to fondle it, he could feel the firm flesh moving under his touch. His hand roamed over the pleasant shape, and he gently pressed his fingers a little way into the crack.

Again, she showed no sign of any reaction, but this time he had no doubts but that she was fully aware of what he was doing, and it would appear that, if she wasn't actively enjoying it, she certainly wasn't objecting. He continued his enjoyable activity while he managed somehow to check and sign his mail, when he gave a gentle squeeze to each buttock in turn before withdrawing. She picked up the papers and left his office and once more he thought he saw a smile on her face. He suddenly realised that he had a raging erection, and wondered if she had noticed it, before he went into his private wash room and rapidly relieved himself, shooting great jets of come down the lavatory pan, reminding him that it was several weeks since he had had sex.

By the next day he had decided that, come what may, he was going to get a reaction from Miss Green somehow. Once more, at the end of the day, he made his move, this time with deliberate intent. When she was standing beside him, he put his hand deliberately on her calf, and began to

moved slowly upwards, underneath her skirt and slip. He felt the firm slippery surface of her nylon encased leg, but, as he crept upwards he suddenly felt the texture change from fabric to warm smooth flesh, and he realised happily that she was wearing stockings, not the dreaded tights which were nearly impregnable without considerable force. Up moved his hand over the back of her thigh till he felt a silky fabric encasing the swelling out over her buttock. The flesh was pliant under his questing fingers, and he cupped the rounded form, squeezing it gently and roaming from one delightful swelling to the other. After a while, his fingers found the top of her arse crack, and he began to stroke up and down, pushing the cloth deeper and deeper into the groove, and sliding inexorably downwards. He felt the heat of her body, and, as he groped, he could feel the little indent of her anus, and he pressed very gently inwards.

Was he imagining things, or did he actually hear a sharp intake of breath from Miss Green's lips? He remembered that he had to leave the office in good time, and realised that today he could not investigate further, but, before withdrawing his hand, he slid his fingers just far enough forward so that he could feel the form of her outer lips, and was delighted to feel a damp patch on his secretary's knickers. Then he took his hand away, and Miss Green moved away from his desk, smiling her inscrutable smile once again. After she had left, he sniffed at his hand, and smelt the unmistakable odour of an aroused pussy, after which he went to the wash room and relieved himself again.

The next day was going to be the big day. Again she stood beside him, and again his hand found her leg and moved up slowly under her skirt, and traversed the swelling thigh over the slippery nylon till it came to the sensuous feel of her bare flesh. Up he moved and this time, to his delight, there was no garment to hinder his progress and he slid over the swelling of her arse cheek till he was holding her firmly in his hand. He squeezed and fondled the lovely flesh, enjoying the smooth texture of her skin, and after a while his fingers found the crevice between her buttocks and slid deeper and deeper into her warmth. He descended bit by bit till he came to the soft cavity of her anus, where he pressed gently, but without enough pressure to penetrate.

His next move was forwards, and his fingers came to the furry covering of her outer lips, and he eased inwards and felt the groove between them parting to allow him access to the warm and wet inner space. He slid to and fro in the valley between her lips till his pressure eased apart the inner lips and his inquisitive finger slid easily into the slippery channel, and when a second finger followed he heard her gasp quietly. Then he withdrew and slid forward and up till he felt the bud of her clitoris, hardening under his touch. He no longer doubted that she was ready for him, but withdrew his hand. She moved a little away from him.

'Will that be all, Mr White.'

'No, Miss Green. Bend over the desk, please.'

With no hesitation she obeyed his request. He stood up, and pulled her skirt up to her waist, uncovering a pair of firm, rounded buttocks, and, between her legs her puffy, hair covered outer lips, parted just enough for the pink tips of her inner lips to show, glistening with her juice. He undid his trousers and let them slip down round his ankles, then pushed down his boxers over the thrust of his very aroused penis. He moved in behind her, and guided his rampant member in to the waiting pussy, and felt the tip slide smoothly into the warm cavity, whereupon he pushed firmly till his pubis was hard against her warm arse cheeks and his cock was deep inside her. He grasped her hips with each hand, and began to stroke firmly in and out of the wet channel, and

quickly increased speed and pressure till he was thrusting vigorously, and with each stroke there was the slap of flesh on flesh. It didn't take long, and very soon he was pumping his seminal fluid deep inside her, and he felt her muscles gripping him as she responded to his attentions. She made no noise except for her sharp intakes of breath, and when he finished, he felt her relax onto the desk top.

He withdrew his now limp member from her, and, taking a tissue from the box on his desk, wiped himself dry before restoring his clothing. She stood up, allowing her skirt to drop, then felt in her pocket and withdrew a pair of knickers, which she proceeded to put on.

'That will be all, thank you, Miss Green.'

'Thank you, Mr White.'

This time, when she left the office, she turned and gave him a beaming smile, and this time he felt no need to visit his toilet to masturbate. Instead, he sat at his desk for some time, thinking what to do about his sexy secretary. Finally, he decided, and next morning he made two phone calls to France. Later in the day he rang for Miss Green to come into his office.

'Miss Green, I'm planning to go to Paris next week to visit Mr Durand and Mr Moulin. I've fixed dates with them for Friday and Monday, and I'd like you to come with me to translate, if you are available.'

'Yes, I'm free for those days. Do you propose to stay in Paris over the weekend, or come back?'

'Oh, I think it would be better to stay over, don't you?'

'Whatever you wish. Do you want me to make the travel and hotel arrangements, and, if so, do you prefer to travel by plane or train? And would you wish to use the same hotel as Mr White Senior used. He always stayed at the same place.'

'Yes, please go ahead. Let's use the train, it's cheaper and less hassle than hanging around at Heathrow and Charles de Gaulle airports. I presume you know the hotel as you used to translate for him, so that will be fine. Right, let me know if there are any problems. Now, if you would care to lean over the desk...?'

The day before they were due to travel Mr Durand had phoned and spoken to Miss Green, proposing to take them to dinner after their meeting. John had been out of the office when he phoned, so Miss Green accepted on his behalf, and, when he returned, told him what she had done, and advised him to pack a dinner jacket, which would be expected at the restaurant where they would eat.

When they arrived at the Gare du Nord in Paris they were met by Mr Durand's driver, who took them to his office, then continued to the hotel with their luggage. They passed a very useful day in the office, tidying up a lot of business which could be more easily conducted face to face than by mail or phone. Mr Durand insisted that John should call him Pierre, which John found showed a basis for a friendly relationship. Although Miss Green was supposed to be there to translate, in fact John's French was more than adequate for his requirements. At the end of the day the driver took them to their hotel, which was a small but quite select establishment sited on a quiet

side road in the centre of Paris.

When they arrived, the receptionist greeted Miss Green as an old customer, and called the manager (who was actually the proprietor) to meet them. He also gave them an enthusiastic welcome.

'I'm delighted to meet you, Mr Green. Your father was a regular client, and we are most sad at his early demise. I've put you in the suite your father always used, Miss Green will be familiar with it.'

He escorted them to their suite, finding that there were two bedrooms either side of a central sitting room. He opened the refrigerator which contained a bottle of champagne 'a gift as a welcome to them'. When he had left, John said to Miss Green that it might be a good idea to postpone drinking the gift, as they would undoubtedly be drinking during the dinner.

'I think you are right Mr White. Now we have about forty minutes before the car comes for us. I need about half an hour to get ready. Is there anything I can do for you in the spare time.'

'What had you in mind, Miss Green?'

She didn't reply, but lifted her skirt, took off her knickers, then pulled the skirt right up and bent over the back of the settee, baring her firm arse for him. He needed no further invitation, but dropped his trousers and filled her wet vagina with his hard cock, giving her the hard fucking that she seemed to enjoy so much. When he had finished, which was quite quickly, she gave him a big smile, picked up her knickers and went off to her bedroom. He wondered if she liked any other form of sex - well, he would have a chance to find out later.

When he entered his bedroom, he found to his surprise that his suitcase had been opened and all the contents neatly hung up or placed in the drawers. He showered and shaved, then dressed in his dinner jacket - as the French would say, his 'smoking'. When he went into the sitting room he found that Miss Green was already waiting for him, but he could hardly believe his own eyes. Her face, which he assumed, wrongly, was never made up, was beautifully prepared. The make up was subtle, and, though there was no apparent use of artifice, all the features of her face were subtly highlighted, bringing out the colours of her grey eyes, a touch of lipstick and a little lift to her high cheekbones. Her hair, which he had only ever seen drawn back severely from her face, was falling in gentle waves to her shoulders.

But her face was as nothing compared to her body. She was wearing a dark blue dress made of a silky material, which clung to her like a second skin, dropping to just above her knees. Although it was not possible to assume that she was naked under the dress, there was not a trace of underwear visible. The neckline was just deep enough to show a hint of cleavage of a bosom that was more substantial than John would have guessed, and the thin straps left her shoulders uncovered, together with quite a revealing back. Below the dress were visible sheer black seamed stockings and shoes with heels far higher than he had ever seen her wear, though they were not high enough to look out of place.

'Miss Green, I will be very proud to be escorting you tonight. You look superb.'

'Thank you Mr White. I'll certainly not be ashamed to be seen with you.'

They went down to the lobby, where the driver was waiting for them to take them to the restaurant. It was only a small place, but very upmarket, with a dining area and a small dance floor. They were led to the table where Mr and Madame Durand were waiting for them. She was introduced as Sylvie, a tall woman with ash blonde hair, and everything about her spoke of class. She had a lovely face and a figure to die for, covered -just- by a white dress which clearly was the product of one of Paris' better couturiers. She obviously knew Miss Green well.

'Marjory, how lovely to see you again. And you've brought your handsome new boss. Oh, I'm sorry John, that wasn't very tactful. I'm so sorry about your father, he was such a nice man.'

'Yes, he was, but I'm sure he'd only want us to have happy memories of him. So now I have to live up to his standards, and make sure the firm prospers.'

'I'm sure you will, especially with Marjory to hold your hand.'

They had an excellent meal, supplemented by the choice of wines, in which Pierre was plainly very knowledgeable. There was a pause after the sweet course, and Pierre asked Miss Green to dance with him. They made a striking couple, and it was obvious that they had danced before, as they slid into each others' arms with his hand low down on her back holding her close to him. The music was slow and intended for gentle smooching, and John felt a twinge of jealousy as he watched them, as he had never danced with her. He stood and asked Sylvie to dance, and as she stood and closed with him he was somewhat startled at how close she was. As they danced, her body was moving close against him, and he was very conscious of the delicious contours of her, her breasts pressing into his chest and her lower belly soft against his sex. It was obvious that she was deliberately trying to arouse him, and in this she soon succeeded, his penis hardening under the subtle movement of her lower body and her leg sliding between his. He tried to draw a little further away, but her hand in his back prevented any separation. Her head was resting on his shoulder, and she murmured into his ear.

'Don't go away. I do so like to know that my partner is really appreciating me, at least, I do when he is young and handsome. You feel as though you are enjoying myself.'

'Yes, but for God's sake don't move too far away from me when the music stops, or it'll be a bit too obvious how much I've enjoyed you.'

By now he had a good solid hard, and, when the music stopped, he was grateful that she walked in front of him, close enough to hide his tented trousers, and he was able to slip back into his seat without any further embarrassment. The rest of the evening passed enjoyably, and finally they were driven back to their hotel. Their hosts got out of the car to say goodnight, and Sylvie kissed him softly on the lips, and, as she said goodnight she murmured into his ear that "they must stay with them the next time, and maybe they could have some fun together." John could imagine the fun that she had in mind and, as he noticed that Miss Green was also being kissed rather more enthusiastically than one might expect from a business relationship, he guessed that Pierre would be equally in favour of some 'fun' together. Well, he'd think about that for a future visit, but just now he had more immediate pleasures to think about.

He went up to their suite with Miss Green and, when they had entered, he suggested that now would be a good time to sample the champagne that they had been given. He opened the bottle

and they sat on the settee and enjoyed a glass. As they drank, they chatted about the evening.

'If it's not a rude question, did I notice that Pierre was dancing with you rather - how shall I say, intimately?'

'You aren't jealous are you? I do hope so! Yes, he did grope my arse more than somewhat, but I also noticed that Sylvie was draped all over you.'

'It felt as though I was wearing her rather than dancing with her. From her parting comments I gather that she would like to carry out some horizontal dancing.'

'They are a pair of terrible flirts, but I'm not sure they would really want to take it any further. Anyway, it's getting late, nearly my bedtime. Would you mind undoing my zip for me please, it's a bit sticky.'

She stood up in front of him, and he reached up and slid the zip down slowly, finding that it wasn't at all sticky. The dress parted and when she shrugged her shoulders, it slid down to the floor, and confirmed his earlier guess that, apart from her hold up stockings, she was naked underneath it. She stepped out of the dress and bent and picked it up, then walked towards her bedroom door, allowing him to admire her long slim back falling to rounded hips and the lovely arse with which he was already familiar, as he was with her shapely legs. As she reached the door, she looked back over her shoulder at him.

'Will you be requiring my services in any way any more tonight, Mr Green.'

'Yes, there are a few things that I think we could do to round off the evening, if you don't feel too tired.'

'I'm fine, thank you. I'll come through in a few minutes.'

John went through to his room where he found that the bed had been turned back and that there was a pair of short silk pyjamas lying on the pillow. He had never owned such a garment, and he could only guess that Miss Green had obtained them for him. Anyway, he put them on, finding the feel against his skin to be really sensuous, then he went and cleaned his teeth and prepared himself for bed - or, hopefully, for sex. He had just returned to his room when there was a knock on the door and Miss Green entered.

His eyes nearly popped at the sight of her. She was wearing a nightdress that fell to just below her knees. It was made of a virtually transparent material, and the vision it revealed was even more attractive than the naked rear view she had shown him before. Her breasts were full and only slightly dropped, and her nipples were a deep pink, mounted on large paler pink aureoles. There was a soft swell to her belly, and below it the dark triangle of her pubis was visible above the cleft of her long, shapely legs. The whole vision was a little incongruous due to the fact that her hair was firmly clipped back, she was wearing a large pair of horn-rimmed glasses and was carrying a shorthand note pad and a pencil. John burst out laughing.

'You seem to have misunderstood what I wanted you for, Miss Green, and shorthand wasn't one of them.'

'Oh dear, how could I have got it wrong. Please show me what is required of me.'

'Well, first of all...'

He moved towards her and removed the glasses, which a quick look through proved to be fitted with plain lenses that would have had no effect on her eyesight. Then he took the note pad and pencil and put them down, and finally he took the grips out of her hair, allowing it to fall loosely down to just above her shoulders. He took her hand and led her to the bed.

'I think now would be a good moment to try some horizontal dancing, don't you?'

'I can't imagine what you mean, Mr White, but I'll do my best to cooperate with whatever you have in mind.'

'Just lie down on the bed, please, Miss Green, and I'll show you what I had in mind.'

She laid down on the bed, and he lay beside her. He propped himself up on one elbow, and gazed at her generous breasts.

'You have very attractive breasts, Miss Green. Would you mind if I were to touch them.'

'I'm not sure, but if you tried just a little touch here and there, I'll let you know how it feels.'

He touched the underside of her breast gently with his fingertips and slid them round a little so he could cup and lift the soft mound, feeling the warm weight of luscious flesh. He allowed his fingers to roam over the silky material, roaming under, then round the side and over the upper reaches, gradually approaching the darker centre of her nipple. When he arrived at her aureole he slid his fingertip round and round till he eventually came to her nipple. His caresses had already awoken the little bud, but, when his fingers brushed across the tip, he felt it arising under his touch. When it was firm he took it between his finger and thumb and gently squeezed it, giving it a little tug. Then he released it and repeated his actions with the other breast. The only reaction to his caresses was a very slight intake of breath as he pulled on the aroused bud.

'Are you happy with my touch up to now? And do you think it would be appropriate if I were to open these buttons? And do you think we could get on first name terms?'

'Up to now, I'm very happy, thank you, so go ahead if that is what you would like to do. But I don't think I'm quite ready to be...less formal with you just yet.'

He briefly thought that they were pretty informal already, but he wasn't going to get into a discussion over semantics at this moment.

The neck line of the nightdress was closed by two buttons, and, when these were undone the material could be drawn aside to completely uncover her breasts. John just breathed the word 'beautiful', before lowering his head and dropping his lips directly onto her nipple. He touched it with his lips, then put out his tongue and very gently flicked across the tip, then he opened his mouth wide and drew the complete tip of her breast in between his lips. He sucked hard on her and raked the nipple with his tongue, and he felt her body raise slightly to push her breast more firmly against her. Now he began to move from one breast to the other, sucking and licking while

his hand grasped the pliant flesh, squeezing it and rolling it between his fingers. He realised that her nipples had not been fully aroused before, and now he could feel how long and hard they had become. He released her with his mouth and then tweaked the rubbery teats with his fingers, this time she responded with a little cry of surprise.

He was starting to get very aroused himself, and now he wasn't going to waste time asking silly questions. He ran one hand down over her belly till it came to her pubic mound, where he could feel the slight roughness of the hair through the thin material. He slid his fingers slowly downwards, till he could feel the plump lips of her vulva, and as he pressed he felt his finger parting the rounded flesh and starting to rub her vagina lips. He lifted his hand and moved down to the hem of her nightdress, which he pulled up till her waiting sex was uncovered. He took hold of her hand and guided it down to the front of his pyjama shorts, and she needed no further encouragement to find her way in through the fly and to hold his throbbing penis, then to gently slide his foreskin back so that she could stroke his sensitive glans.

He responded by returning to her pubis, and slipping his finger in between the outer lips so that he could feel the dampness of her aroused vagina, whose lips spread easily at his touch to allow his probing digit to enter the hot slippery passage up to her womb. He hooked his finger round to the front, and felt around inside her till he felt the rougher skin of her G spot. As he stroked it, he felt her vaginal muscles contracting, trying to pull him further in, while at the same time his thumb was probing to find her clitoris. When he achieved his goal, he felt the little button hardening under the pressure, and he withdrew his wet finger and probed under the clitoral hood to rub the sensitive flesh and further arouse her passion.

Now he could feel her arousal, as her breath shortened and her hips lifted slightly against his hand, and now he wanted to excite her further, so he moved down from her breasts, kissing her belly through the silky material till he came to the exposed pubis. Without hesitation he pushed her legs wide apart and plunged his lips onto her moist lips, and thrust his tongue into the crevice between the lips, then between her vagina lips and plunged in as deep as he could, smelling and tasting the musky odour of her juices. After probing her canal he moved out and up to her clitoris, and took the little bud between his lips and raked it with his tongue. Almost at once he sensed a flow of liquid from her vagina and felt her body throbbing in the release of her orgasm, and felt her hand pressing him harder against her wet sex.

After a little while the convulsions eased and she moved her hand. He moved quickly up her body, stopping only to briefly suck on her jutting nipples, then as he moved higher he felt the tip of his penis pressing against her vulva, and her hand quickly moved to guide him into the opening of her vagina. Now he pressed very slowly and, looking down, he saw her lips parting to allow him access, and as he continued to push he felt the length of his turgid organ being drawn deep into the very centre of her sex, till his pubis was hard against hers. After savouring for a few moments the sensation of being held in this hot, wet embrace, he slowly withdrew till he was nearly disengaged, then he slowly pushed in again.

She had not spoken all this time, and she astonished him by saying, very quietly 'Fuck me, fuck me hard and fast.'

He needed no further invitation. He pushed both hands under her firm buttocks, and grasped the supple flesh, his fingers thrust into the hot crack. All his weight was now on her, and he began to thrust, long, hard thrusts, delving deep into her hot vagina, probing close to the entrance to her

womb. His belly was sliding across hers, and one hairy pubis against the other, and his chest was squashing her breasts. Each time that he thrust in, she let out a little grunt as his weight drove against her, and, as he increased speed, she clasped him even tighter, her fingers digging into his back. This ferocity could not last long, and he soon felt the tightening of his scrotum as the fluid containing his sperm began its passage up his rigid penis. When the first rush was ejected, he pushed even harder, and his fingers dug into the surround of her anus. Again and again the spasms of his orgasm hit them both, and he felt her vagina tightening, and her hips lifting him as she, too, came to her climax.

They lay, locked together, their bodies sweaty, as the heat of their passion slowly cooled. He made to withdraw from her, but she held him close to her and murmured 'Don't go, I love the feel of you even if you have shrunk a bit.'

He was very willing to stay locked to her, but didn't want to be laying on top of her. He lifted one of her legs up at a right angle, then, holding her hips and pulling her close, he rolled them both over so that her leg was tucked under his waist, with the other draped across him. Thus, he could he lay on one side, his penis still engaged in her slippery vagina, and take a long look at her. Then he leaned forward, and their lips engaged in a long, gentle kiss. He withdrew a little, then kissed her again, this time with their tongues become involved, and his hand holding her breast.

'Well, did I fuck you hard enough, Miss Green?'

'Thank you John, you were just perfect.'

He suddenly realised that, although they had been having sex together for two weeks, that was the first time that they had kissed, and this was why she had not been willing to use his first name. He gave her another quick kiss.'

'Thank you, Marjory, for giving me the privilege of knowing your lovely body. I think this could be a memorable weekend. Oh, by the way, I'd be obliged if you'd just be a bit active down below, just to make sure I don't get too soggy and fall out.'

She smiled at him, and he felt her warm vagina contract and gently squeeze his penis. She repeated this movement several times, and he grew firm again. They lay like this for some time. He caressed her breasts, and they exchanged soft kisses, and every now and again he pushed gently in and out of her slippery passage. They were talking lovers' talk, not really saying anything, till he suddenly remembered where they were.

'I gather that this is the suite that my father used regularly, so this must be the bed that he died in.'

'Well, not exactly. The manager told me that if a customer dies in the hotel, they always send the bed and all the bedding to a charity shop, and put in new beds.'

'Oh, I see. But this is the room where my mother woke up to find that he had died.'

'Well, it wasn't quite like that.'

'So what was it like?'

'The doctor asked your mother if he had been doing anything particularly energetic. She said that he hadn't done anything more energetic than usual. The doctor just smiled, and said it must have been a heart attack.'

'So he'd died on the job with my mother.'

'Not exactly.'

'Not exactly what?'

'It wasn't your mother '

He was silent for a long time, taking in what she had said, and realising the implications.

'So it was...it was you he had been having sex with.'

'Afraid so. He came, then he went, just like that. I couldn't believe what had happened, he said thank you, like he always did, then just flopped on top of me. I realised that this was something unusual, and, when he just lay there, I felt for his pulse and there wasn't one, so I pushed him off and went and told your mother.'

Again he spent a few moments taking in this information. Meanwhile, her vagina was pulsing and still keeping him upright.

'So every time he came to Paris, you used to spend the night in his bed.'

'Not always.'

'Oh, so mother slept with him sometimes.'

'No, not exactly.'

'What else could have happened. Oh, no, you don't mean that you slept with my mother? That would be too incredible, wouldn't it?'

'Let's just say that they shared me between them.'

'I'm not often lost for words, but this is a special occasion. Just say it - you had sex with both of my parents.'

'Yes, I enjoyed sex with both of your parents.'

'How the hell did that happen?'

'I'll tell you the details another time, not just now. You're going a bit limp on me, you need to concentrate.'

'You're sure you want to have sex with your lovers' little boy.'

'Shut up, sonny, and try and show me what a big boy you can be.'

As she spoke, she moved her body gently against him, and once again he felt her hot vagina squeeze down on his penis, which soon came back to full firmness. They moved very slowly, the one against the other, kissing soft, wet kisses, their lips sliding over each other. His hand was busy constantly roaming over her breasts, brushing her nipples, then sliding across her belly and hips, till she took hold of it and moved it down to her pubis. She spoke very quietly.

'Make me come, please John.'

His fingers stroked her lips around his penis, then moved to her clitoris. He rubbed across the hood, then felt it grow till it was firm under its protective covering. He slipped his finger down to her vaginal lips to moisten it on the juices oozing from her, then moved back and began to rub on the engorged bud. He heard her sigh quietly, and felt her vagina pulsing on his firm tool, and he felt through the heel of his hand, which was pressed on her pubis, the rise and fall as she pushed against him. He lowered his head to her breast, and drew her nipple deep into his mouth, and at once could sense a stiffening of her whole body, which suddenly relaxed as an orgasm surged through her. He was realising that she didn't make a lot of noise in her passion, but as he moved to look at her face, he saw the joy in her eyes as her body accepted his attentions.

'Thank you John. You are a wonderful lover. Would you like to finish off now, and let me watch you enjoy yourself?'

'Marjory, my love, that sounds like a good idea.'

He began to move against her. Laying as they were he didn't penetrate her very deeply, so he was just making short, slow thrusts, holding her in position by his hand on her rounded hip. Slowly he felt his orgasm approaching, and he pulled her a little closer and thrust a little harder, till the fluid began its journey from his balls up his shaft and jetted out high into her waiting vagina. She smiled at him as he relaxed and his penis softened and finally, as he relaxed his hold on her, it slid out of her, followed by an ooze of their juices.

They stayed with their legs entwined for a bit, stroking each other's bodies in a gentle, friendly way, with no attempt at arousal. Finally, they kissed and unravelled each other, then she turned over and he cupped her body against his, but when he started to push against her, she moved a little way away.

'Enough for tonight, darling. I've got a lovely wet pussy and it's running all over my thighs, and I'll just lie here and enjoy thinking about it, if that's all right with you.'

'I suppose you're right. It's been a long, interesting day.'

They woke early the next morning. She had pushed off the bedclothes, and he looked at her, her hair dishevelled and her thighs encrusted with his dried on sperm, and tried to remember that this was little Miss Perfect, as he had heard one of the younger girls call her. Now his Secretary was his lover, and he pushed her legs apart and mounted her, his penis sliding easily into her still very wet passage. They didn't speak, it was just a quick animal fuck between two people who had only just discovered each other, and he felt her breathing change and her vagina clasp him as

they both came to orgasm.

'Thank you, Miss Green.'

'A pleasure, Mr White. Now shall we get up? And, if you don't mind, I'll use the other bathroom or we'll never leave the room. Unless, of course...?

'You're right. Let's have a look at Paris, then we can carry on where we left off.'

They were soon ready to go and, after they had taken breakfast in the hotel dining room, they went for a stroll around the Parisian streets. Marjory was more familiar with the city than was John, and she led him around some of the back streets, a little away from the centre and fairly free of tourists. They were like two teenagers, in love for the first time, wandering around, holding hands and peering into shop windows. After a while they went and sat together on a bench on the bank of the Seine, watching the *bateaux mouches*, the tourist cruise boats passing and decided to go and book for an evening cruise and dine on board. Then they went to a little bistro where she had eaten before, and they enjoyed a simple, pleasant lunch, accompanied by a carafe of table wine.

After lunch they continued their stroll and came across a shop selling saucy lingerie.

'Come on, I'll buy you some totally unsuitable undies, shall I?'

'Oh really John, I'm too old for that sort of thing.'

'Of course you aren't, come on.'

He pulled her inside and started suggesting various items, brightly covered frilly bras, thongs that covered nearly nothing, crotchless knickers, net stockings, suspenders and other garments most unlikely to be found beneath the demure dress of his secretary. She finally consented to his making a few purchases, and, when they went to pay, the woman who appeared to be in charge made an interesting suggestion.

'If you are at all interested we have a range of items that can make the bedroom more fun. Perhaps you'd like to come this way.'

'Oh, I don't think so.' said Marjory. 'We can manage without that sort of thing.'

Actually, she wasn't at all sure what "that sort of thing" might be, but John persuaded her to follow the woman into an area of the stores that was stacked with every conceivable sort of sex aid, from vibrators of many different shapes and colours to appliances such as rubber wear, and bondage aids. John had a quick look, but realised that Marjory wasn't familiar enough with him to be persuaded that they might have fun with some of the exhibits, but as they were going to leave a sign caught his eye saying that they carried out decompilation on the premises. The sales woman realised what he was looking at and was quick to react.

'Would madam be interested in our waxing procedures for removal of intimate hair, perhaps? We can offer an immediate service, and our clinician is fully qualified, and we have strict hygiene - which is more than some operators can say! Why don't I show you some pictures of what we can

do.'

Before Marjory could refuse, John agreed that they would have a look, and she reluctantly followed into a further room which was neatly laid out with an "operating" table, washing facilities and racks of products. Marjory was a little confused. Although she shaved her armpits and legs, she had never considered that any more hair might be removed.

'John, I am perfectly capable of shaving myself, why should I be interested in paying for someone else to do it?'

'Well, it's a bit more than the bits you shave, and in any case waxing lasts a lot longer than shaving. Why don't you look at some pictures?'

The sales woman interjected. 'Rather than pictures, why not look at the real thing. Wait, I'll get my clinician.'

She called into the shop, and an attractive girl came and joined them.

'Now, Amelie and I will show you two alternative possibilities. We have pictures of others, but it's better in real life.'

With that, the two women unfastened their skirts and let them fall. The older woman was wearing a pair of bikini briefs, cut high, while her colleague was wearing the most minuscule of thongs that only just covered her sex.

'You see, for me I need to remove the hair fairly high, but there is the possibility of leaving a little patch if I so wish, while with a thong like Amelie, everything has to go. Let's show you.'

Now they both quickly removed their undergarments, and stood with their sex fully revealed. The older woman had a small triangle of hair pointing towards her sex, while Amelie's pudenda was naked, but both women had not a shred of hair on their vulvas, and, as they both stood with their legs parted, John and Marjory could clearly see their outer lips, and the slightest protrusion of Amelie's vagina lips. They stood without speaking for a few moments, till Marjory finally spoke to him.

'Would you like me to look like that? I'm not likely to wear knickers cut like that, though swimming costumes are very high cut these days - but I'm certainly not going to wear a thong like that.'

'It can make certain...activities more enjoyable, madam. Some gentlemen do prefer a smooth skin in the most intimate area.'

'Well, John, do you really want me to do it?'

'I think a smooth skin has attractions, but I'm certainly not going to try to persuade you. In any case, I should think it's a bit painful having it done.'

'Right, that settles it. Do you want me totally naked or shall I have a bit left?'

'If you're sure it's OK, then you might as well have it all off. After all, you can always grow it again.'

'Right, madam, if you care to remove your lower garments, Amelie will look after you.'

'John, you can go away, I'll let you look later.'

He went outside, and, while he was waiting, made several interesting purchases from the amazing range of goodies on display. After quite some time Marjory appeared from the inner salon, and he settled up their bill and they left the shop. As soon as they were outside it was obvious that she was quite disturbed.

'Well, was it OK? Not too painful, I hope?'

'Get me back to the hotel - now!'

He said no more as they walked the short distance back to the hotel and up to their room in the lift. As soon as the door was closed, she kicked off her shoes, unhitched her skirt and let it drop. Underneath she was naked, in more ways than one. There was not a vestige of hair on her pubis or her vulva.

'That bloody girl, her hands were all over me. As she was putting on the wax she kept stroking across my vagina, and a couple of times she strayed right onto my clit. She was wearing gloves, but, when she had finished removing the hair she took them off and washed her hands, then she got some cream and rubbed it in to my skin everywhere, and she made a really thorough job. The bitch knew what she was doing, she was trying to give me an orgasm and she damn nearly succeeded. I was running juice and I was about to explode when she finally stopped. Now, don't bother to talk, just finish what she started.'

She lay down on the bed, her legs spread wide. Her outer lips were plump and rosy, and her vagina lips were just showing. They were shiny from her juice, and there was a small trickle of liquid oozing back towards her anus. John had never seen a shaved vulva before, except for the women in the shop, and he found her naked sex beautiful, and rather vulnerable, as though the hair had previously guarded the access to her innermost parts. He realised that this was no time for extended foreplay, and he knelt between her legs and bent to kiss her swollen lips. As he approached he breathed in the rich smell of an aroused woman together with a slightly fruity smell from the unguent that had been applied to all the treated area. He quickly savoured the pleasure of kissing the smooth, hairless skin, then dived straight in to rake her vagina lips with his tongue, then plunging it deep into the hot slippery depths. After a brief tasting of her delights, he withdrew and turned his attention to her clitoris, which was clearly visible protruding from its hood. His lips surrounded it and drew it into his mouth, then his tongue raked it. Her legs immediately clamped around his head, and her hand thrust him harder into her as she erupted into an orgasm that shook her whole body. She was nearly stifling him in her ecstasy, and he had to move his head a little to breathe.

After a few moments she relaxed enough for him to withdraw, and he immediately stood and removed his trousers and pants. He had a raging erection, and he climbed straight back on top of her and plunged his rampant penis deep into her waiting passage. It didn't take long, and after only a few strokes he held her buttocks, pulled her hard against him and ejected spurt after

spurt of fluid deep into her clutching passage. Finally he relaxed, and, as his penis softened, he withdrew, pausing to look at the stream of fluid oozing out from her ravaged passage, then he took a tissue from the bedside table and mopped up the worst of the mess.

'Sorry about that, John. I had a rather urgent need. I could have killed that girl for winding me up and not finishing it off. I suppose I should have told her to do it, but I didn't quite like to. Anyway, how do you like the new look.'

'I like it. Not just the new look, but the new feel. It's amazing, I liked it before, but now it's so smooth and welcoming. Did it hurt much, by the way?'

'Yes, but it was quick. I might get my legs done to save shaving. It's a bit sore, so I think I'll shower and put some more cream on. Then we'd better get dressed for dinner.'

She stripped off the rest of her clothes and walked towards the bathroom. John quickly followed her, and they went into the big walk in shower together. As the water poured over them, they took it in turns to soap each other. They were quite thorough, without turning the occasion into another sex session. However, when he washed her back and he came down to her buttocks, he slid his soapy fingers into the warm crevice between the two firm globes and slowly slipped down to her anus. She shuddered a bit at his touch, and as he pressed his finger gently against the puckered entrance, she took his hand away.

'That's still virgin territory. I'm not sure I'd like to be made love to there, but if you want to, perhaps another time.'

'Actually I've never done it there either, but it would be interesting to find out what it's like. After all, if we don't both like it, we don't have to do it again.'

'Well, let's see some time. I don't feel we've exhausted the fun to be had from the conventional place. Anyway, we need to get a move on, if we're not going to miss the boat. Shall I wear my new undies?'

'Why not - it may help to get you all ready for...well, ready.'

She finished drying herself, then went to a bag containing the underwear she had bought. First to go on was a deep, strapless bra made from a totally translucent black material that cupped the underside of her breasts, and was scooped so that her nipples were exposed. Then she put on a black thong that really hid nothing. There was only the skimpiest material which just covered her pussy lips, but again was so transparent that she was fully displayed. To complete her underpinnings was a slim garter belt holding up sheer black stockings. Over this display she slipped on a black dress which fitted her like a second skin, and was cut so low that the swell of her breasts and her deep cleavage were delightfully on display. The skirt was cut off about mid thigh and John was amazed at how beautiful her legs were under it, set off by four inch high strappy sandals. Her hair was loose over her shoulders, softly waved, and she wore just a trace of make-up skilfully applied to enhance her cheekbones and eyes.

'You are just gorgeous, Marjory. I can't imagine what they would say in the office if they could see my demure secretary.'

'You missed out the middle aged bit. Anyway, stop gawping and finish dressing, or we'll be late.'

John finished putting on his dress suit, she slipped a shawl around her shoulders, covering the bare shoulders, and they set off to the boat. When they arrived they were led through the restaurant and John noticed several men openly ogling Marjory's charms. They were shown to a quiet corner table, where they could talk without being overheard. As Marjory leaned forward to sit down, John could see her dark nipples as she pushed the shawl back from her shoulders. She was well aware of his attention, and after she sat, she slowly crossed her legs, giving him and a couple of other men a view of her thighs exposed over her stocking tops, and a brief glimpse of her vulva showing through and around the flimsy material of her thong.

'You are an immoral hussy, Miss Green.'

'Oh, I hope so. Now put your eyeballs back and pay attention to the menu.'

The waiter brought the champagne he had requested, and they toasted each other before carefully studying the menu. Unlike the cheaper Seine cruisers, the cuisine on this one had a reputation for excellence, and they took some time deciding what they would eat. When they had decided and while they were waiting, Marjory made a suggestion.

'I said I'd tell you how I came to be your parents' lover. Do you want to know?'

'I'm fascinated, and still a bit disbelieving, so please do tell.'

'Well, it was like this. Your father had been on a round of visits to suppliers over several days, and he knew that he would have a lot of reports, quotes and so on to prepare urgently, so he asked me if I'd go to your home on the Friday afternoon and spend the weekend there, typing it all up ready for action on the Monday morning, rather than working in the office. When I got to the house and rang the bell it was some time before your mother arrived, wearing a bath robe. She told me that she had been sun bathing and must have dropped off to sleep, which was why she wasn't dressed to meet me. She invited me in and suggested that we both had a drink on the terrace in the sunshine.

We were soon installed on loungers with a glass of white wine, and we chatted idly for some time, partaking of a couple more glasses. Then she told me that she had been sunbathing after having been swimming in your pool, and asked me if I'd like to go in for a dip. I agreed and said I'd go and get my costume, but she told me not to bother as there was no one else around and she always swam naked, so why didn't I do the same. I was a bit taken aback as I had never done this before and, although I'd met her several times and had been to the house, I didn't really know her well. However, as the wine was beginning to take effect, and I'd always fancied the idea of swimming nude, I agreed. She stood up and slipped off her robe and was plunged naked into the pool, and I soon took off my clothes and joined her. We swam for a while, then she climbed out and I can tell you that your mother had a very attractive body - still has, come to that.

I stayed in for a bit and then joined her. I towelled off and went to put my clothes back on, but she told me not to bother but enjoy the sun on my naked body for a little while, so I lay down beside her. As I had done a little sunbathing that year, my body was slightly tanned, except for the area that was normally covered by my costume, which was quite a lot as I wore a very conservative one piece. Your mother said I needed sun cream, and she offered to do my back for

me, so I turned over on to my front and she began to cream me. I had expected her to just smear the cream on, but she took her time over it, more like giving me a massage. She started at my shoulders and worked her way steadily down my back and sides, just brushing the sides of my breasts. When she got to my bottom, she kept on rubbing and squeezing my globes, and her fingertips were delving further and further into the crack between them, till she was very close to my anus. Then she moved on to my legs, parting my thighs so that she could coat the insides, and she went very close to my very private parts, without actually touching me.

Now, realise that, although I was twenty at that time, I had never had a serious boy friend and no one had ever touched my body since I was a little girl being bathed. And I found your mother's hands strangely exciting, so when she told me to turn over I did so, with a slight feeling of unease as to what she was going to do next. What she did was to cream me just as before, first my arms, then my shoulders and neck. Then her fingers started to circle my breasts, gradually mounting up the mounds, squeezing and kneading me, and I felt my nipples starting to harden. She must have seen this, as she then caressed first my aureoles and then her fingers held my nipples and began to rub and pull them till they were long and firm.

She had not spoken except to turn me over, but now she asked if she could kiss me. I just nodded and she leant over and kissed me, gently at first, then with her tongue pushed into my mouth. It was my first real kiss, and it felt wonderful, and it never even struck me as odd that it should be a woman kissing me, not a man. While she kissed me I felt one hand leave my breast and begin to move slowly down to my belly, then down to my pubis. She stopped kissing me and we both looked at the hand with fingers just brushing my bush. Then she stopped, took the cream tube and began creaming my belly and hips, then my thighs and down my legs to my feet. Finally, she creamed very gently the inside of my thighs, and quickly over my vulva lips, hardly touching me there on my sensitive parts.

She drew away from me, and I could see that she was shaking gently. She apologised for touching me like that, and I didn't quite know how to tell her that I had enjoyed every second and wanted her to carry on. We lay in the sun for a bit, both feeling uncomfortable with the situation, then I got up and had another swim. Just then the telephone rang in the house, and when she came back from answering it she told me that your father was having to stay overnight for another meeting, so he wouldn't be back till the next afternoon. We went into the house and she cooked a meal for us, after which we sat watching television, before going to bed.

I was in bed first, and, as I lay there, I knew that I wanted her to come and make love. I heard her moving on the landing, so I got out and opened the door and told her that, if she wanted to come to my bed, I would welcome her, and left the door ajar. She didn't answer, but some time later the door was pushed open and she was standing there. She asked me if I was really sure I wanted her to enter, and I just held my arms out to her. She slid off her gown, and in the light of the small lamp that I had left on, I could see that she was naked. I pushed down the bed clothes showing her that I, too, was naked and she got into the bed beside me.

This time there was no hesitation. She kissed me as her hand enclosed my breast, and she quickly moved down to slid her hand between my thighs, which I willingly parted for her. She was rubbing my lips, then slowly eased her finger inside me as her thumb began to rub my clitoris. I was in heaven, and soon had my first real orgasm. She stopped for a few moments, then began to delve a little further inside me, when she discovered that my hymen was still intact. She withdrew, and told me she had no idea I was still a virgin, and began to apologise, but I told her that I was very

happy to have my first orgasm with her. Then she told me that she had never touched a girl before, but that she had often felt that she was more attracted to women than to men. She was very happy being married to your father, but the sex did nothing for her, and she'd never had a real climax with him.

After that, we just gave ourselves to the pleasure of finding out about each others' bodies, and by the time we finally fell asleep it was early morning, and we had explored each other with hands and lips and tongues. She had realised that she was really a lesbian who tolerated male intrusion, but I still felt that I wanted to make love with a man as well, so I suppose I am really bi-sexual.'

'I just find the idea of my mother having lesbian sex hard to believe, but I have obviously totally misjudged her for years. But how did you get to be my father's mistress as well as my mother's?'

'That day your father came back in the afternoon, and normal relations were resumed, and I slept alone. However, a couple of days later he invited me to spend the next weekend with them, and I accepted, a little nervously as I was not sure what the atmosphere would be like. On the Friday evening, while we were having a drink after dinner, he said, quite casually, 'I suppose you two want to spend the night together. It's all right by me.' When he saw the look of astonishment on my face, he explained that he had guessed that something unusual had happened, and when he confronted your mother, she had told him everything. He said that he had been aware for years that there had been little pleasure for her in sex with him, and he wasn't going to deny her pleasure with me. He said he had thought about having a mistress, but just couldn't face the complications and he certainly didn't want to use a prostitute. He said he was so happy in his marriage in every other way, he wouldn't risk spoiling it.'

'That night your mother and I spent making love, finding new ways to please each other, till we finally slept in the early hours. Next morning we lay in bed together, idly caressing each other, when it suddenly struck me how cruel it was that we should be making love while your father was alone. I said this, and your mother asked if I was going to volunteer to make him happy. I was silent for a long time as I thought over the implications of what she was suggesting, and I finally said that I would be willing, though I didn't think he'd want to have an affair with his secretary. She replied that she had no doubt that he would, and she would be very happy because she wouldn't feel guilty about our affair. We didn't talk about it any more, and I began to think that I had been stupid to say such a thing.'

'That night I went to bed and your mother came in to the room. She didn't get into bed with me, but just asked me if I had really meant what I had said, and I said that I did. She gave me a long kiss, then left the room. A few minutes later, there was a knock on the door, and when I responded, your father came in. He sat on the bed and asked me if I was really ready to let him take my virginity, and when I said I was, he took off his dressing gown. He was naked, and I had never seen a naked man before, and I admit I was scared at the sight of him, half erect already, and was fearful about how much it would hurt having my virgin hymen torn by this alien intruder.'

'I need not have worried. He was so gentle and loving with me, and when he finally pushed his way into me, the pain was very brief, and then it all became a very pleasant experience. He stayed with me all night, though he didn't try to make love straight away, but in the morning he took me again, and this time there was no pain, just a nice feeling of a warm body covering me and caressing me from inside, till I felt him come into me. Afterwards, when we pushed back the bed clothes to get up, the sheet was stained with my blood as well as his semen.'

'That was the start, and we were a loving trio. Whenever we had a chance I would share the bed with one or other of them, and it was a very joyful experience. This went on till he died, and since then your mother and I have occasionally slept together, but this has only been sharing a bed, we haven't made love. Somehow, it doesn't seem right.'

'Two questions - well, I could ask dozens, but two will do - first, how was it that I never had the faintest idea that this was going on, and, second, haven't you ever had any other men friends?'

'Firstly, remember that you were away at boarding school, then at university for a long time. When you were around, we just didn't do it unless you were away somewhere, or we could find a good reason to get away together, which is one reason for your father extending the French business to give us an excuse to spend time together, and your mother always came as well which did away with any suggestion that he might be having an affair with his secretary.'

'Secondly, it's none of your business whether I had any men friends, but as it happens, no I didn't. I was in love with your parents and felt no need for anyone else - until you decided to grope my bottom and remind me just how much I like my body being touched. Oh, and just to make you feel good, I never had an orgasm with a man till last night.'

'That makes me feel very proud. Now, I think this boat is about to dock, and then it'll be time to go back to the hotel and see whether I can help you catch up with your shortfall'

The telling of this history had taken some time, interrupted by the service of the meal, and their stopping to look at the floodlight buildings reflected in the rippling water of the Seine. Now, as the voyage was coming to an end, Marjory knocked a spoon off the table. As she bent down to pick it up with her spare hand she tugged the front of her dress down a little and, as a result, both of her nipples were on display, and as she simultaneously uncrossed her legs slowly, a man at an opposite table had a good view at both ends of her dress. As she straightened up the voice of the man's wife could be heard, telling him that he was a disgusting old lecher, amongst other things. John asked her what on earth was going on, and she explained that the man had been eyeing her up all evening, so she had decided to give him something to look at, with the inevitable result. As they left the boat, the woman was still berating the man and, as they passed, Marjory murmured 'I hope the view was worth the hassle.'

They walked back to the hotel through streets lit by the moon as well as the lamps, holding hands like two teenagers. As they passed the hotel bar, John ordered a bottle of champagne, and it was delivered to the room soon after they got there, and they sat quietly in the lounge sipping their drinks, talking about the cruise and the meal, but not about the revelations she had told him. Suddenly, he laughed.

'Do you often flash your nipples at strange men? Not to mention your very private parts?'

'No, it's the first time, but I couldn't resist. That man's eyes had been undressing me all the evening, so I thought a real good look might arouse some reaction. He was so startled that his wife realised, and she turned around to see what was going on. I gave her a sweet smile, and she hit the roof. He won't hear the last of that for a while. I promise not to do it again, not to strange men, anyway.'

As she spoke, she treated John to the same view, pulling her dress down to uncover her nipples, and crossing and uncrossing her legs slowly so her skirt rode up and her vulva, nowhere near covered by the thong, was clearly displayed. John was sitting opposite her, and he leaned forward and took a firm grip on her nipples, twisting and tweaking them so that they grew and reddened under his attention. Then he bent down so that he could push his head forward between her welcoming thighs, and his tongue danced over her plump lips. She pulled the thong to one side, and he delved deep into her moist vagina, then up to her clitoris, which swelled under his touch, and he heard the little mews of pleasure that she was making. He then stood, undid his fly and pushed his trousers and underpants down, releasing his erect cock. He pushed her backwards into the armchair in which she was sitting, then knelt in front of her and thrust deeply into the hot slippery wetness. After thrusting hard for a little while, he withdrew and turned her round and onto her knees.

He pushed her skirt up so that her shapely buttocks were uncovered except for the string of her thong. He leant forward and kissed the firm mounds, then held them apart while his long tongue licked down the crack till he arrived at the pale brown puckering of her anus, and he licked all around before finally pushing the tip of his tongue into the indent, probing a little way inside her. Then he leaned over to the bedside locker and took out one of the presents he had bought for her. It was a slim, pointed vibrator, and he also had a tube of lubricant.

'What are you doing?' she asked.

'Just a little game I'm sure you'll enjoy.'

'I suspect something I haven't done before. Whatever it is, let me take my clothes off first; this dress will never look the same again'

He hid the vibrator from her whilst she stripped off her clothes, then lay down again on her stomach. Once again he parted her rounded globes and gently slid his finger up and down the crack till he came to her anus, which he stroked gently, not trying to enter her. Then he picked up the KY jelly, removed the cap and squeezed out a generous quantity onto the waiting orifice, then pressed the tube nozzle a little way into her and applied a little more.

'I don't know what that is, but it feels cold. This had better be good, up to now I just feel nervous.'

'Trust me, things can only get better.'

Then he took the vibrator and pressed it gently against the slippery flesh, and saw it slowly start to penetrate. She said nothing, but he heard her gasp as the head of the penile shaped toy opened up her sphincter. He withdrew till it was nearly out, then pushed forward again, repeating the action several times till the head finally penetrated the muscular ring, and he could gently slide the imitation phallus deep into her arse. Then he flicked the switch, and the toy began a quiet whirring noise as it started to vibrate. She moaned as the pleasure hit her, and he began slowly sliding the tool in and out, at the same time moving the control to increase the intensity of the vibrations. At the same time he placed his other hand on her wet vagina lips, and penetrated her with two fingers, hooking them round to find her G spot. By now she was shaking in the throes of her orgasm, and he moved quicker the intruders into both of her passages.

After her orgasm passed, he turned her over onto her back, and pulled her legs out and up to tilt

her gaping vagina towards his waiting penis. He rubbed up and down her vulva before she grabbed him and pulled him into her. The vibrator was still doing its best in her arse, and he could feel its firmness through the thin dividing wall between her vagina and her back passage. He was already close to his own orgasm, and he plunged deep into her again and again, till he quickly felt the rush of semen up his member into her waiting womb. She was moaning as never before, and, when she felt him blasting into her, she let out a long wail as she came, flooding liquid down over his pubis.

They gradually came down from their high, and he switched off the vibrator and withdrew it from her slippery arse. He rolled off her, and they lay side by side, not speaking for a while.

'How was that?'

'I'm feeling a bit overcome just now. I suppose you'll want to use your own equipment in my poor little arse next time instead of the plastic penis.'

'Well, sometime, anyway. It makes an interesting change - not that I'm desperate to change just now.'

'Just cuddle me now please. I'm ready to go to sleep, if you don't mind. It's been a busy day.'

He drew up the bedclothes and they were soon asleep in each others arms. At some time during the night she turned over, and, in the morning he found a pair of warm round buttocks in his lap. She was still asleep, but, when his hard penis started probing between her legs, she half woke, and slid her hand between her legs to find him and guide him into her still wet pussy. It was a very slow, gentle awakening as he eased in and out of her as his hand caressed her breast, then, as she became more aroused he began to rub her clitoris till it hardened. At last he just said "Now?" and she replied "Yes please" and he thrust a little quicker before erupting into her welcoming vagina.

Just as they relaxed, they heard a knock on the door to the suite, and heard the waiter call out that their breakfast was ready. They got up and, after a quick visit to the bathroom they sat naked to eat the meal. She had spread towels on the two chairs., saying that she was leaking and he wasn't any too hygienic. After the meal they went their separate ways to use the two bathrooms. As she pointed out, if they went into the same bathroom they'd just started all over again and never get out - though he suggested that that might not be a bad idea.

They were quickly ready to go, when he stopped her. She was wearing a knee length summer dress, and he told her to close her eyes. He took something out of the sex shop carrier bag and gave it a good coat of lubricant. Then he lifted her skirt, pulled aside the gusset of her knickers and slid the object into her vagina.

'What the hell have you done this time? What have you put in me, it feels like two balls?'

'That's just what it is, my darling. They're called Kegel Balls, and they should be fun for you.'

'They feel weird, and I'm afraid they'll fall out.'

'You just have to keep your muscles tight, and, if all else fails, your knickers will catch them.'

'You aren't suggesting I go out with these inside me? You must be mad.'

'Go on, give it a try. The girl in the shop said she goes out with hers in, and she enjoys knowing that no one else knows what she is doing. You can easily slip them out if you don't feel comfortable.'

'I'm not convinced, but I suppose if the boss asks me to do something, I'd just better do it.'

'That's right, Miss Green. Always do what the boss asks.'

They left the hotel and began walking round the streets, looking at some of Paris' famous landmarks, including going up the Eiffel Tower. As they ascended the stairs near the top, she muttered at him.

'You can't imagine what these damn balls are doing to me. My vagina is swimming, it's likely to start running down my leg. I'm going to have to do something about it.'

'Hang on a bit, I've got an idea.'

They descended the tower and he called a taxi to take them to a restaurant which he had heard a lot about. In it he spoke to the waiter and, after a note had changed hands, they were led to a booth at the back of the room, where they were seated on a banquette. As soon as the waiter had delivered the menu and aperitifs, Marjory grabbed his hand and slid it up under her skirt.

'There, feel that, and do something about it!'

John slid up the inside of her thigh till he came to her knicker gusset, which, as she had said, was soaking wet. He pushed it to one side, and thrust two fingers deep into her vagina, till they came in contact with one of the balls inside. He slid his finger in and out while his thumb searched out her clitoris, which was already distended. As he touched her, she gasped and pushed her hips forward against him as she reached an instant orgasm. Her body collapsed against him, and she was panting as her vagina clamped on his fingers. At last she slowly relaxed.

'Dear God, I needed that. I thought I was going to explode while we were up that bloody tower, and if we had been alone in the lift I'd have made you do that there and then.'

Just then the waiter returned, and immediately took in the situation.

'Would you care to have the curtains pulled for a few moments? It might help you to ...relax. Ring the bell when you want to order.'

With that, he withdrew, pulling the curtains across to fully enclose the booth. John didn't hesitate. He lowered his trousers and underpants and knelt on the floor in front of her. She spread her legs wide, and, as she held the gusset to one side, he thrust into her. Unfortunately, they had both forgotten the presence of the balls in her vagina, so he didn't get very far. Quickly withdrawing, he took hold of the plastic loop and pulled them out, and as quickly he reinserted his penis in her sopping wet channel. She leaned forward and their mouths met hungrily, their lips sucking, teeth biting and tongues probing deeply. It didn't take long before John felt the rush of his orgasm, and he pumped his fluid deep into her as he thrust as hard as he could.

They stayed locked together for a few moments, then he slid out of her. Now she was even wetter, his juice seeping out with hers. John took a napkin from the table and mopped up the sticky mess as best he could, then they rearranged themselves. She picked up the Kegal balls and slipped them into her handbag.

'That's quite enough of those for today. I can't face walking around Paris with one long near orgasm going on - it really is a bit too distracting.'

John had rung the bell, and the waiter returned and opened the curtains. John handed him the soiled napkin, together with a large denomination note. After this they ordered the meal, enjoying superb service from the waiter. As they drunk their coffee and brandy, John slid his hand up Marjory's leg, but after he had briefly fondled her vagina lips through her damp gusset, she pushed him away.

'No, please John, don't start me off again. I want to do it properly, not in this booth again. That was fun, but I prefer a bit more comfort.'

'Like the edge of my desk?'

'That's different, that was just to let you know I was available.'

'Just me?'

'Sorry, let's be serious for a moment. There have only been your father - and your mother - before you seduced me, and I'm not planning any one else, and I hope you aren't for a little while. I get the feeling I'm not the first, but I hope I'll do for a bit.'

'You're right, there have been a few others, but nothing that lasted very long. I didn't feel I wanted anything more than sex with any of them, and that was never nearly as good as it is with you. So, yes, you'll do for a bit.'

They spent the rest of the day wandering around the city, before returning to the hotel. As they went through the hotel lobby, the receptionists asked them if they were going to dine in the hotel, and that's what they decided to do. The lift up to their room was rather old and slow, and John took the opportunity to slip his hand up the back of her legs and caressed her luscious arse, while the other hand cupped her breast. Her hand dropped to his crotch, and held his rapidly hardening dick. Just then the lift stopped, and the doors opened, and an elderly lady got in.

'Oh, don't stop for me' she said as they hastily disengaged themselves 'Looks as though you'll just about make it back to the bedroom.'

They were thoroughly embarrassed, even more so when the lady got out at their floor and walked along the corridor with them. Marjory was trying to apologise but was astonished with the response.

'Well, seeing as you've made an old lady blush, the least you can do is give me a goodnight kiss!'

John turned to her and went to give her a quick peck on the cheek, but she turned her head so

that he landed on her lips, which were amazingly soft and smooth. After drawing back a little in surprise, he put his arms round her and pulled her close, giving her a long hard kiss, with his tongue searching out hers, while at the same time he slid a hand down till her could grasp her arse, which was firm and solid, a result of the regular exercise she took. Then he released her, but, before she could get her breath back, Marjory had grabbed her and she too was quickly playing tongue music, while she thrust one of her legs between the old lady's, and was rubbing herself against her sex, while one hand held her arse cheek and the other squeezed one of her breasts. Finally she released her, then supported her as she staggered slightly.

'Oh God, now I think I might die happy - though if you two fancy joining me, that would be even better.'

'Sorry, but by the time I've finished tonight neither of us will be much use to you or anyone.'

'Oh well, I can always dream - and I might have some really interesting dreams tonight.'

She left them to enter her own room, and Marjory and John went into theirs, where Marjory collapsed on the settee, laughing uncontrollably. John joined her and, for a while neither of them could speak. As they recovered, John got up and got them a drink from the fridge.

'If you told anyone, they wouldn't believe what just happened.'

'Poor old dear, I thought for a moment that you ought to go and give her a real treat, but then I decided that I'm too greedy to let anyone else have you.'

'Well, you could always go yourself after you've knackered me, but I'd rather you didn't.'

'Fine, I'm glad we're agreed. Now, I fancy a shower. What with one thing and another, I feel a bit sticky down below.'

'Good idea, I'll join you.'

'Just remember we're booked in for dinner before too long.'

'Now, what difference does that make? What do you think I might do to make us late.'

'Just a wild guess - see, you're off already.'

She had started removing her clothes, and he had grabbed her from behind as her bra came off so that he could caress her full breasts. She pushed him away while they both finished undressing, then she turned to him and saw that his ever willing member was semi erect.

'Oh God, I suppose I'll have to let you ravage me again.'

'I think you should. Let's try something different - again'

'What have you in mind? Just don't take too long over it, whatever it is.'

The shower was situated in the corner of the bathroom, which was very roomy and fitted with a

pull down seat and hand rails for disabled customers. John lowered the seat, turned on the shower, which had multiple jets. He drew her to him, held her softly in his arms, kissing her, their two bodies rubbing against each other under the hot sprays. Then he sat down on the seat, turned her round and drew her back towards him. She spread her legs as she sat on his lap, and leaned back against him as one of his hands caressed each breast in turn, while the other explored between her legs, his fingers delving into her hot recesses which, as she had said, were still wet and sticky from the arousal sat had taken place during the day. His cock was pushed down between her legs, but then she rose a little and guided it into her waiting channel, where it slid home deeply as she lowered herself onto him.

She began to massage him by contracting her vaginal muscles, and by small body movements, to which he also responded. His hands were holding her breasts firmly, his fingers pulling her long nipples. After a short while she took his hands away, stood and turned and came back onto him, again accepting his tumescent member deep into her vagina. She began to move up and down on him, and they both felt their orgasm mounting. Suddenly she put her arms out and found the grab handles, so that she could get more purchase, and she pulled herself up till he was nearly disengaged, then she dropped hard onto him. As his penis was engulfed by her clutching passage they both exploded together, his juice shooting time and again deep up to the entrance to her womb. She put her arms around him, holding him tight under the gushing shower jets. Her body was shaking against him, and he suddenly realised that she was crying great sobs.

'Whatever is the matter? I didn't hurt you, did I?'

She couldn't speak for a while, then she just murmured into his ear 'It's just that I've never been as happy as this before, and don't dare ask why I'm crying, it's so stupid.'

He said nothing, just held her and kissed her. She quickly stopped crying, saying 'That was a bit silly, wasn't it?'

'It's a whole new side of you that I would never have guessed at, and I rather like it. Makes me want to protect you.'

'Thank you. Now, we really must get on. And, thank you, I don't need help washing, or we know what will happen, don't we?'

She turned off the multi jets and soaped herself, then took the shower hose, lifted one leg onto the seat, and sprayed herself thoroughly into her vagina. After that she turned on the jets and rinsed off before stepping out and leaving John to wash himself. After they had dried off, they both dressed before going down to dinner.

Dinner was a very pleasant meal, with wines chosen by the sommelier, though neither of them drank very much. After coffee and brandy, they wandered back to their suite.

'I'm tired, John. Undress me, please.'

'With pleasure.'

He unzipped her dress and slipped it off her shoulders, and she stepped out of it as it fell to the floor. She was wearing the bra with the scooped cups, and he quickly kissed each nipple in turn,

before undoing the hooks and releasing it. Then he sat her on the edge of the bed and bent down to remove her shoes. She was wearing stockings with a suspender belt, and, before he released them, he bent and kissed the naked top of her thigh, taking a deep breath of her aroma as he approached her warm sex.

'You smell good.'

'Perhaps that's because you haven't interfered with me since I showered.'

'Don't worry, you smell even better when you are sexed up, and especially just after you've carried out your secretarial duties.'

'What can the man mean? Just get on with it.'

He peeled off her stockings, pausing only to briefly kiss her feet. Then he stood her up, and took her knickers off, after which he gave her a quick hug, then laid her down on the bed. Then he removed his own clothes and lay down beside her, pulling the bedclothes up over them. She turned on her side away from him, and he spooned up behind her, so that they were in soft contact between her back and his front. He put his arm around her and cupped her breast.

'Take me like this, please John, but very gently if you don't mind.'

He began to knead her breasts softly, giving her nipples gentle tugs, and she settled back comfortably against him, murmuring words of endearment. After a while, she felt his penis starting to push against her, and he moved his hand to her vulva and started to stroke her vulva. Then she surprised him.

'Put it in my arse, please John. I want to know what a cock feels like in there, and I know you'd like to do it.'

He was amused that she used the words cock and arse. He tried to imagine what her work colleagues would think of the prim and proper Miss Green talking like that - or of all the pleasant activities they had enjoyed together.

'Are you sure? There's no hurry to do it as far as I'm concerned. And you'll need to be lubricated if I'm not to hurt you.'

'Yes I am sure - and here's the lubricant, I put it under the pillow in case the need arose.'

He took the tube and pushed the nozzle a little way into her anus and squeezing some of the jelly into her, then he squirted some onto his penis and rubbed it around. When he was sure that all was well coated, he lay behind her and brought the tip of his penis into contact with her puckered orifice, and pushed very gently. He felt the tip enter her a little before the passage got very tight, so he withdrew, then pushed again. He repeated the movement for some time, feeling his glans entering the orifice a little further each time, till at last he felt the pressure ease as he penetrated her sphincter.

Marjory let out a little cry as his cock invaded her rectum.

'Are you OK?'

'Yes, but it's a bit tight, just go gently, please.'

John pushed slowly till he was fully embedded, his cock grasped firmly in her hot back passage. He withdrew till he felt the grip of her sphincter again, then he slid back in. As he moved in her, he sensed from the tiny grunts of discomfort that she was not fully at ease with his actions.

'Had enough?' he asked.

'I'm not getting a lot of fun out of this, sorry John. I guess I need to be stretched a bit, but just now I'd rather you stopped.'

'Whatever you want, darling. We can try again another time if you like. Perhaps a few games with the vibrator might get you used to it. Or we can forget the whole idea - I'm very happy with the other delights you have to offer.'

He pulled back and felt his penis pop out as the sphincter closed on it, then he redirected it into the welcoming hold of her vagina, and slid in gently till his pubis was hard against her buttocks. Then he began to move slowly in and out, while his hand caressed her breasts. His movements were gentle, and he felt her vagina responding as she moved in sympathy with him. He made no effort to come to orgasm, but eventually she took his hand and moved it down to her shaven pubis. His finger slid into the top of her cleft, and he found the sheath over her clitoris. Again, his movements were unhurried as he felt the little bud swelling under his attention, but then he sensed that she was coming near to her climax and he moved a little more urgently. Her slippery vagina was gripping him and he pulled her tightly against him as he released his juices into her waiting passage.

It was a very soft orgasm that they shared, and, when it was finished they lay together till his softened member slid out and they relaxed against each other. No words were necessary, it had been a perfect mating between two people who were, somewhat to their surprise, falling in love together, and soon they were asleep.

The next morning they resisted the temptation to make love, as they had a busy day ahead of them. They breakfasted in the room, then packed and left their bags in the room when they went down to the Reception. He arranged for the bags to be taken to the Gard du Nord to meet them when they took the train in the afternoon. He settled the bill, and was just turning away from the desk when the manager called him back.

'Excuse me Mr Green, I have a letter for you from Madame Reynaud.'

'Who is Madame Reynaud. I don't know anyone of that name.'

'That's strange, she didn't know yours either, though she said she had met you last night. She was in the next room to yours'

John realised that this was the elderly woman whom both Marjory and he had kissed and groped outside their room. He feared that this would be an accusation of sexual assault, but, when he opened it he found two five hundred Euro notes, with a brief note thanking them for making her

evening much more enjoyable than she had expected. He showed it to Marjory, and gave her one of the notes.

'Just shows that you can never be too polite to old ladies!'

'I think that makes you a gigolo, can't think what it makes me'

Then they left the hotel, and went to visit Mr Durand, with whom they had a profitable meeting, followed by a very pleasant lunch, after which they went and caught the Eurostar back to London. There were no other passengers near to them, and they were able to talk freely without fear of being overheard.

'John, do you realise it's less than a month since you first stroked my bottom, and now we are coming back from a dirty weekend in Paris.'

'Yes, you really are a slut, aren't you.'

'As far as the White family is concerned I certainly seem to be. But what I want to know is, why you suddenly decided to grope your secretary?'

'You can blame Peter Black for that. You doubtless remember that I had been out to lunch with him that day.'

'I certainly do, and you came back just ever so slightly squiffy.'

'Squiffy as a newt. Well, he and I were chatting about what a good secretary you are, and just too perfect to be true, and, to be honest how I was a little bit scared of you. Then he suggested that I goose you, to see if that would get a reaction, and I was pissed enough to do it, and first time it didn't seem to have had any effect. When I sobered up I was terrified that you would sue me for harassment or something like that. But then, you didn't do or say anything I just thought sod it, I'll get a reaction come what may. So I did it again, and this time you felt a lot softer, which made your bum much more attractive - the first time it was like grabbing armour plate.'

'That could be because I was wearing a roll-on, a slip, and a fairly thick tweed skirt. The next day I just had my knickers on under a much thinner cotton skirt.'

'Was that coincidence, or..?'

'Fool, of course it wasn't. I was curious to see how far you would go if I felt a bit more...feminine. I didn't really intend to let you go so far, but then I thought, hell, why not, and took my knickers off the next day. And then, well I hadn't had sex since your father died, and I just went for it - and so did you!'

'Hang on, you'd been having sex with my mother, and I thought you said that that had carried on after his death.'

'Yes, and that was nice, but it just isn't the same as having a nice hard cock inside my pussy.'

'Well, I hope I've made up for a bit of lost time this weekend. Do you want to carry on when we

get back, or was it just a nice weekend's fun?'

'If you can put up with shagging an old lady, I'm yours until you find a younger one.'

'I certainly have no intention of going on the pull any time soon, if you are willing to suffer me. I think I'm just a little bit in love with you, anyway.'

'Can we leave that thought hanging in the air for a bit. I've never had a serious relationship with an unmarried man, so I need time to sort out my feelings. In the meantime, I suggest that we keep this to ourselves for a bit, certainly as far as work is concerned - though your mother will guess if we don't tell her.'

'Fair enough Miss Green.'

'Thank you Mr white. Was there anything else?'

He gave her a quick kiss, squeezing her breast at the same time.

'I don't think this is quite the place to start doing anything interesting, so we'd better behave

They decided to go straight to John's family home, so that they could explain their new relationship, and not have the possibility to find it out by chance. When they got to the house, Mrs White met them both with enthusiastic hugs, and sat them down with a drink.

'Now, how did the trip go? Was business good? Did you stay at the usual hotel? And did...'

'Enough, Mother. The trip was wonderful, business was excellent and we stayed at the usual hotel. Oh, and we had your usual suite.'

'And how many beds did you use?'

'Mother, you aren't suggesting that Miss Green and I might have...well, I mean, have had some sort of ...relationship?'

'I wouldn't have even thought of it till you walked in together just now, but one look was enough. Has she talked to you about..about the visits the three of us used to make to that hotel?'

'Alice, I told John everything - including about you and me. I couldn't let him have his evil way with me without him knowing that it's a family business in more ways than he could have guessed.'

'Oh well, at least that makes it easier - I don't have to constantly watch what I say. Now, dinner's nearly ready, go and get yourselves ready. I'd assumed that you'd both be sleeping in John's room, so I haven't made another bed up.'

'That was very prescient of you, Mother.'

'Just intuition. I guessed she wouldn't be able to resist the chance to see how you compared with your Father. Sorry Marjory, that's a lie, and there is another room with the bed made up, if you prefer.'

They both gave her a quick kiss and cuddle, and went up to his room. They undressed and John got into bed, naked as usual, but when Marjory got in beside him he didn't move towards her as usual.

'Marjory, would you think I was being a bit perverted if I suggested that you should go to my mother and, if she wants you to, spend the night with her. We've got lots of loving ahead of us, and I think she's a bit sad about being out of your life.'

'Well, she's certainly not out of my life, come what may.'

'No, but out of your bed. Although, if you want to carry on a relationship with her, I shan't mind.'

'Are you serious?'

'Darling, I told you I think I might be in love with you, but I love my mother as well, and if you are both happy with the idea of another shared relationship, that's OK with me.'

'I don't quite know what to say. I'll need time to think about it. Anyway, I'll go to her now, though I think it may be the last time.'

She kissed him, got up and slipped on a nightdress and left the room. John was soon asleep and the next thing he knew was Marjory slipping into bed beside him in the early hours of the morning. She was naked, and, when she leaned over to kiss him, her face smelled of unfamiliar sex, and the idea that her face had been buried in his mother's vulva was instantly arousing. He pushed her onto her back and quickly kissed down her body, her breasts, her belly and down between her legs. Her pussy was sopping wet, and there was a strange mixture of her familiar smell and that of perfumes that he recognised as being his mother's. He raked her with his tongue, then sucked her aroused clitoris in between his lips while he pushed two fingers into the slippery wet vagina.

She soon pulled him up her body and his engorged penis thrust deep into her. Their sex was fierce, their bodies thrusting hard against each other, her legs hooked round so her feet were hammering his back, while his hands were grasping her firm buttocks and two fingers thrust into her hot anus. It couldn't last long at that intensity, and soon he was pouring his fluid into her receptive channel. After a while, they relaxed, and he rolled off.

'If my making love to your mother does that to you, I'll carry on, if you don't mind.'

'I told you that it's up to you, and I'm not going to mind'

'You do realise that you'll always come first - no, let's rephrase that, you'll always be the most important. That sounds too pompous for words, what I mean is that making love to your mother is a pleasant occupation which gives her a lot of pleasure, making love to you is just ... wonderful.'

'Well I'm glad that's sorted. Now, Miss Green, we've got to get to work today. If we're late we'll start getting remarks. I'll drop you off at your place so you can pick your car up and we can arrive separately.'

It is now two months later.

Miss Green enters Mr White's office at the end of the day with mail for signature. She stands beside his chair, and as he signs with one hand, the other slides up under her skirt and over her stocking tops till it arrives at her bottom which, as usual at this time of day, is unencumbered with any under garment. He strokes her gently, then his hand wanders down between her legs across the naked vulva and, as he probes, he finds a plastic loop dangling. He takes hold of it and pulls gently, but her vagina muscles resist him for a while, then she relaxes and into his hand drop her Kegal balls. He lifts them to his nose, sniffs them appreciatively, and puts the shiny wet objects on a tissue on his desk .

'Is that all, Miss Green?'

'No, Mr White, I should advise you that I shall be requiring some time off work towards the end of the year for maternity leave.'

'That shouldn't be a problem. Do you think Miss Black can manage, or should we take on a temp? I'll leave that to you to decide, let me know and I'll do whatever is necessary.' He opened the diary on his desk and leafed through it. 'Are you free on September 2nd?'

'From memory, yes. That is a Saturday, isn't it? What is the occasion?'

'I need a lady to accompany me to a wedding. If I go on my own, it would look a bit odd.'

'That's all right, I like weddings. Who is getting married, just out of curiosity?'

'We are, of course. Perhaps you would like to arrange it all with my mother. She always wanted to be the mother of the bride, this way she can be mother for both of us. And, by the way, give me your hand - the left one.'

From his pocket he took out a small box, and on opening it she saw a beautiful antique ring, set with rubies and diamonds. He slipped it on her finger, where it fitted perfectly. She looked at him with a loving smile.

'Thank you, Mr White. Now, was there anything else.'

'Yes. Bend over the desk, Miss Green, if you please.'

'It will be a pleasure, Mr White.'

THE END -of the beginning.

